In fearefull ſenſe. *Enter a Meſſenger.*

One within. What ho, what ho, what ho?

Sailor. A meſſenger from the Galley.

Du. Now, the buſineſſe?

Sailor. The *Turkiſh* preparation makes for *Rhodes*,
So was I bid report here, to the ſtate.

Du. How ſay you by this change?

1 *Sena.* This cannot be by no aſſay of reaſon ---
Tis a Pageant,
To keepe vs in falſe gaze: when we conſider
The importancy of *Cypreſſe* to the *Turke*:
And let our ſelues againe, but vnderſtand,
That as it more concernes the *Turke* then *Rhodes*,
So may he with more facile queſtion beare it.

Dn. And in all confidence, hee's not for *Rhodes*.

Officer. Here is more newes. *Enter a 2. Meſſenger.*

Meſ. The *Ottamites*, reuerend and gracious,
Steering with due courſe, toward the Iſle of *Rhodes*,
Haue there inioynted with an after fleete
Of 30. ſaile, and now they doe reſterine
Their backward courſe, bearing with franke appearance
Their purpoſes towards *Cypreſſe*: Seignior *Montano*,
Your truſty and moſt valiant ſeruitor,
With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prayes you to beleeue him.

Du. Tis certaine then for *Cypreſſe*,
Marcus Luccicos is not here in Towne.

1 *Sena.* Hee's now in *Florence*.

Du. Write from vs, wiſh him poſt, poſt haſt diſpatch.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Roderigo, Iago, Caſſio, Deſdemona, *and Officers.*

1 *Sena.* Here comes *Brabantio* and the valiant *Moore*.

Du. Valiant *Othello*, we muſt ſtraite imploy you,
Againſt the generall enemy *Ottaman*;
I did not ſee you, welcome gentle Seignior,
We lacke your counſell, and your helpe to night,

Bra. So did I yours, good your Grace pardon me,
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of buſineſſe
Hath rais'd me from my bed, nor doth the generall care
Take any hold of me, for my particular grieſes,
Is of ſo floodgate and orebearing nature,
That it engluts and ſwallowes other ſorrowes,
And it is ſtill it ſelfe.

Du. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter, O my daughter.

All. Dead?

Bra. I to me:
She is abus'd, ſtolne from me and corrupted,
By ſpels and medicines, bought of mountebancks,
For nature ſo prepoſterouſly to erre,
Saunce witchcraft could not.

Du. Who ere he be, that in this foule proceeding
Hath thus beguild your daughter of her ſelfe,
And you of her, the bloody booke of Law,
You ſhall your ſelfe, read in the bitter letter,
After its owne ſenſe, tho our proper ſonne
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thanke your Grace;
Here is the man, this Moore, whom now it ſeemes
Your ſpeciall mandate, for the State affaires
Hath hither brought.

All. We are very ſorry for't.

Du, What in your owne part can you ſay to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is ſo.

Oth. Moſt potent, graue, and reuerend Seigniors,
My very noble and approoued good maiſters:
That I haue tane away this old mans daughter,
It is moſt true: true, I haue married her,
The very head and front of my offending,
Hath this extent no more. Rude am I in my ſpeech,
And little bleſt with the ſet phraſe of peace,
For ſince theſe armes of mine had ſeuen yeares pith,
Till now ſome nine Moones waſted, they haue vs'd

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3720) Octavo